

34
PERKIN'S-CABAL,

K
OR THE

Mock Ministry

CHARACTERIZED,

*Nomen habetis inane, et Crimen immane,
Honorem sublimem, et Vitam deformem;
Deificam Professionem, et illicitam Actionem;
Religiosum Amictum, et irreligiosum Praeceptum;
Gradum excelsum, et deformem excessum;
Locutionem simulatis Columbinam, et
Mentem habetis Caninam; Professionem
Admonstratis Ovium, et Ferocitatem habetis Lupinam.*
Ambros. in Lib. de Dignit. Sacerd

An abusive thing upon y^e late ministry.

LONDON.

Printed for A. Boulter without Temple-Bar, and S. Popping
at the Black Raven in Pater-noster-Row, and Sold by the Book-
sellers of London and Westminster. 1714. 15. Sept.
(Price 3d.)

PERKIN'S-CABAL,

OR THE

Black Ministry

CHARACTERIZED.

Admiral in Lab. de Dignit. Sacra
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sellers of London and Westminster. 1714.
(Price 3d.)

A Knave, whole Nature prone to Ticks;

~~No Ties, no Gratitude can fix;~~

Whole narrow Soul and little Mind
Was met for Grand Affairs designed.

But such his Luck and such his Fate,

That he, for four long Years of late,

Mock Ministry

Had work'd his mean and private Ends,

Perplex'd his ~~Confidants~~ Friends,

Oppress'd the Widows, the Towns Guild,

And all the wretched Nation fool'd.

Satyrick Muse, who knows so well,

~~in Hope to gain the~~
Men's Characters and Crimes to tell,

Truckled a while to please, expose
With just Reformation of our State.

But, when he saw his Country's Fate,

F He quickly alter'd his design,

To all the Kingdoms to proclaim

None was more zealous, none more hearty.

A Knave, whose Nature prone to *Tricks*;

No Ties, no Gratitude can fix;

Whose narrow Soul and little Mind,
Was ne'er for Grand Affairs design'd.

But such his Luck, and such our Fate,

That he, for four long Years of late,

Hath done ~~the~~ *the*

Hath work'd his mean and private Ends,

Perplex'd his ~~Queen~~ *destroy'd* her Friends,

Oppress'd the *Whiggs*, the *Tories* gull'd,

And all the wretched Nation fool'd.

~~Hark~~ *in* Hopes to gain the *S*,

Truckled a while to *Robin's* Will,

But, when he found him out of *Power*,

He quickly alter'd his Behaviour,

He talk'd of *Justice* to the *People*,

None was more zealous, none more hearty.

A Man whole Profit is his aim,
From Conscience free, but fond of Fame.

Ormond was once by all ador'd,
As an Heroick gen'rous Lord :
Since he is grown an *headstrong* Tory,
We mourn his loss of Worth and Glory.

But *Bolingbroke* (for Lewdness fam'd,
Whose Lust not Twenty Claps have tam'd)
Is he who labour'd to advance
The Pride of *Spain* and Pow'r of *France*;
He who makes no small Pretence
To Wisdom, Politicks, and Sense.
For when he rants in *Perkin's* Cause,
The Tories eccho their Applause;
Nor will allow us to dispute
Their darling *Harry's* high repute.

B

But

But if he e're of Parts cou'd boast,

They now in ev'ry Vice are lost.

Langdon for Bus'ness tho' unfit,

Yet by his *Friends* is call'd a *Wit*.

He knows to Sing th' *Impostor's* Praise,

In smooth, insipid, empty lays.

~~Treuer~~ and *Bramley* next describe,

Both listed in this *Trayt'rous* Tribe.

~~Treuer~~, because Dame *Mafha's* Cozen;

Was made a *Lord* amongst the *Dozen*.

His haughty Carriage and proud Look

Win not Respect, but Scorn provoke.

The Man is something of a Scholar,

And that is more than *Lawyers* all are.

But why to *Perkin* he inclin'd,

None but a Knave can Reasons find.

Br—ey,

Bromley, with whose Sage Mien and Air,
 No Politician can compare ;
 By *some* is thought a Man of Weight,
 Fit for the Bus'ness of the State ;
 By *others* reckon'd to be dull,
 Who know his craftitude of Skull.
 None is a greater Friend to *James*,
 None fonder of the Modern Schemes.

Lo——n and *S——rd* all condemn,
 One known for *Rage*, and one for *Phlegm*.

Pryor and *Moor* of scoundrel Race,
 Will hence be held in vile Disgrace.

These were the Tools those *Trea-ties* made,
 By which our Country was betray'd,
 For which their Lives can scarce atone,
 Our Glory lost ! our Trade undone !

Who

Who would have thought that *Bingley's* Parts,
 Or *Windham's* Talents and Deserts,
 Could e're (by any turn of Fate,)
 Have rais'd 'em to a Post of State?
 Two Orators, in Nature's spight,
 Who in haranguing take Delight,
 But such their flow and *stammering* Speech,
 They make their Audience yawn and stretch
Campion and *Shippen*, Brothers twain,
 Battled the Cause with might and main.
 But maugre their pretended Sense,
 Their Merit is their Impudence.
 Let the vain Coxcombs hence deplore,
 Their Loss of Places and of Power,
 Their curst Commission is no more.

Rochester's a furious Priest,
 With true Prelatick Pride possess'd;

Who

Who makes his Altars and his Shrines,
Subservient to his base Designs.

Phelps by *Hibernia's* justly curst,
Of all the Plagues she knew, the worst.
Her ancient Rights he did invade,
And the high Trust he bore, betray'd.
The very Jeffries of his Age,
Frantick and wild with Party Rage.

These to their Scandal and their Shame,
With others of inferior Name,
Were all engag'd in Perkin's Cause,
Void of Regard to Oaths and Laws.
But let them now lament and mourn,
Their Exile never can return.
For, Britain's Genius, GEORGE is come,
Who will avert th' impending Doom;

(10)

Who with a strong, but gentle Hand,
Will Rebels awe, and rule the Land;
Who, in despite of France's Pow'r,
Will our lost Liberty restore;
Will re-assert our sinking Fame,
And brighten Britain's blasted Name.

Now, with a loud and gen'ral Voice,
Each Free-born Subject does rejoice,
For Cowper, Hallifax, Argile,
With other Patriots guard our Isle,
With Townshend and with Nottingham,
The Tories Envy and their Shame.
Now ev'ry Bard inspir'd does raise,
His grateful Notes to George's Praise.
Now the glad Realm with one Accord,
Proclaims and crowns her lawful Lord.

Who

C

Not

Not with more Joy *Cimmerians* own
 The chearing Influence of the Sun,
 When, with his bright *Ætherial* Ray,
 He turns their *Darkness* into Day.

Postscript.

Humbly inscrib'd to His Majesty.

H *ALL* mighty Heroe, welcome to this Land,
 Worthy thy self, and Nations to command :
 Great Britain now erects her drooping Crest,
 With such a Monarch and his Offspring blest ;
 Than whom a greater never Crown possessest :
 Exalt the Grandeur of the British Throne,
 Which brightly Thou adorn'st, not thee the Crown,
 Whose Worth to Thy great Vertues we postpone.

The

The English Valour, almost sunk, inspire
 With Thy more gen'rous Heat, and noble Fire,
 And its old Courage to that Height advance,
 That we may once more make it own'd in France;
 For when thou leadst, and Marlborough follows thee,
 Nought can too difficult for Conquest be.

Postscript.

Humily inscrib'd to His Majesty.



FINIS.

Great Britain now is left her sleeping Grief,
 To see such a Monarch and his Oursing self;
 Thou whom a greater never Crown'd self;
 Exact the Grandeur of the British Throne,
 Which brightly Thou adornst, not there the Crown,
 Whose Word is Thy great Nature's law.

